

lip service by tangerinesilly

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Summary:

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lip service

Mom's fun pills were not fun. They can't even pass as a 'sleeping aid'. Definitely not an over-the-counter one. Those little blue squares wrapped in shiny foil were made for two occasions: taking down an ox and helping Maria Harrington sleep.

Steve's head was pounding with a thousand dreams he saw all at once. Demons chasing the kids. Being locked out and the key nowhere to be found. His mom arguing with the waiter.

Steve was moving through the trenches that made up his brain, air thick as a sauce. He was truly lost in it.

He caught the last dream by its tail. Tiger claws slashed the fabric of his mind, making room for Steve to escape. He ran through the bleeding red, feeling too raw at the edges. Too excited to find who was purring on the other side.

Just as he was about to see the picture faded.

Steve jolted up, woken up so quickly the dream cracked, crumbling into little pieces, and vanished without a trace.

He stayed frozen for a moment, trying to process the two blue rectangles above into his ceiling and a wall. The ringing in his ears didn't stop.

He blindly reached out to the source of the noise. His hand bumped against something knocking it down under the bed.

Someone's calling him.

Steve sighed, about to give up and sleep through the inconvenience. But the walkie-talkie kept on gurgling and freaking him out.

Steve fished it out in one swift motion, crawling back onto the bed. "Yes?" he said, already angry.

"Hey," a deep smoky voice greeted him which send Steve's heart racing out of his chest. "Took you long enough."

It's odd to hear a man's voice when the only people who call you are children. Is he about to get Friday-the-thirteenth in his own house?

"Who is this?" He must be sleeping. He is still high. He knows this voice.

There was shuffling on the other side as if someone was pressing all the buttons on the talkie. "Shit!"

And the line dropped. Steve checked it again pressing the talkie hard to his ear, not breathing. He sighed looking at the familiar walls, patterned with wavy lines from the pool. Just breathe, Steve.

The walkie came alive again. "Harrington," it whispered.

"Hi?" Steve whispered back. Maybe he is pissed but he refuses to be rude. Just yet.

"Oh, this works," the voice hummed. "Cool."

"Cool..." Steve echoed, still confused. "Sure..."

The voice didn't say anything, waiting him out.

Steve spaced out for a second, still groggy. "Billy?"

"No shit, princess."

Steve looked at the walkie. This didn't clear things up at all. "Why are you..."

"Your phone is broken," Billy sniffed, "by the way."

Steve hummed again. "Yeah.." Letting out a long sigh. He forgot about that, even though he promised to fix it.

"Wait you called?" This was surreal. Hargrove was calling him. Like it's a thing that they do all the time. He just couldn't imagine Hargrove sitting hunched over somewhere at midnight dialing him up. Punching in the little numbers. Let alone grabbing a walkie to have a chat.

“You left me a cute little note, pretty boy.”

Oh, shut the fuck up. No, he didn’t. Steve kept silent. Embarrassment creeping into the mix of the present conflicting emotions.

“It’s not like I expected...” Steve shrugged defensively, picking words. “It’s fine as is. You didn’t need to...”

Fuck. How is he supposed to go around this? He waited for that call. Probably that’s why he never fixed the phone.

“I’m sorry, baby, did I make you wait? I’m a dumbass like that sometimes.” Billy’s voice dipped lower. He does that when he wants something, Steve figured.

“I didn’t wait.”

“Ouch. Didn’t miss me?” Steve felt his throat catch from the saccharine tone. Is this a prank?

Hargrove was talking like he would with a girl.

“I know which part of you I missed.” This was the voice for in a few minutes I’ll be two fingers in.

“Ah-hm,” Oh, this is where it’s going. Steve bundled into the covers, red up to his ears.

“You want me to apologize. Make it up to you? You know I’m good with my mouth.” At this point, Hargrove was playing limbo with his vocal cords.

“Yeah, actually. You’ve got things to apologize for...” Steve rubbed at his forehead. Who the fuck he thinks he is? Being all buddy-buddy now? It’s not like a blowjob is a magic solution to everything.

Steve groaned, annoyed.

“You’re upset.” Billy dialed it back a little, sounding concerned. Maybe he cares a little bit? Steve doesn’t know.

Steve breathed out of his nostrils, half expecting steam to come out.

“Yeah, I am.”

Billy breathed into the walkie for a moment, not saying anything.

Steve bit his nails, scared to say something even more embarrassing. He wanted to be done with this so badly. Stupidly hoping to have the strength to hang up. Or find a second receiver so Billy would talk into both of his ears.

“What’s up then?”

Steve didn’t expect to spill his guts this bad. But it was so easy to talk to Billy when he wasn’t trying to be anything. Besides, when Hargrove just sits and listens, that’s supposed to mean something right? He never shuts up.

Steve told about the nightmares. He really didn’t want to talk about the breakup, but Billy somehow coaxed it out of him too. And then the floodgates opened and he started muttering about the future, how he doesn’t have a plan, how he fucking hates most people he knows. He is so confused and angry and.. just tired. And can never sleep anymore.

Billy braved through it humming at appropriate times, urging Steve to go on. Gathering intel probably.

Even though Steve stayed under the sheets, he felt bare. He definitely told too much.

“You know... you never told me what happened...” Billy sniffed, a nervous habit, “that night.”

“You never asked.”

“Should I?”

Steve huffed, tremendously tired. He himself can’t even explain what happened. Most of it just faded over the following days. The next thing he remembers is Barb’s funeral. “No.”

“Okay.”

“Wow, that’s some fucked up shit, Steve,” Billy concluded.

It’s the first time Billy said his name normally. Almost kindly. As if words could pet. It’s pathetic, but Steve immediately latched on to this wisp of sympathy.

Don’t say anything stupid. “You have a nice voice.”

“Good thing I called then, huh?”

It started to be too hot under the duvet, sheets clinging to Steve’s damp back. His face burned, but he stayed under, in the anonymity of the covers. His confessional.

“There is something else...” *Oh, fuck it.* It’s not like Hargrove can judge him. It’s Hargrove! Besides, he said so much already. Might as well throw it in.

“What?”

Steve’s tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. There’s no way to say it, without sounding like a total freak.

“I can’t stop getting off,” Steve confessed, releasing every breath he was holding from the dawn of times.

“Oh shit,” Billy laughed quietly. “Is that ‘cos of me?”

Steve rolled his eyes. Billy’s attitude was truly painful. “Not all of the things are about you,” he snapped.

“Huh ...” Billy rolled on his tongue. “Yet they always are, right, Stevie?”

Steve could feel Billy winking on the other side. He could also feel himself chubbing up in his briefs.

"It's a problem. For a couple of months now. It's a stress thing, probably."

"And you do it all the time?"

"Sort of."

"So while I was crying my eyes out over your sobby tale, you were jerking it, huh?" Billy pushed.

Steve wanted to throw the talkie out of the room.

"Are you doing it right now?" Or better strangle it until it stopped talking.

Hargrove was a legit spawn of Satan. He sniffed out any sign of weakness and always pushed into it until he heard a crunch.

"How's Steve junior? Or should I say senior?" Billy murmured dreamily. "That thing is huge. No wonder you can't quit playing with it."

"Fuck you, man. I'm basically laying myself out here..."

"Fuck, you'd be so hot with your dick out all for me. You're a lefty right?"

"And that matters because?"

"Just trying to draw an accurate picture," Billy mused. "Besides lefties are way freakier. Cross my heart."

When Steve didn't respond Billy kept going. "Doesn't matter. Probably have to use two hands to wank it anyway. Right?"

Steve grunted, chewing on the inside of his cheek. He desperately wanted to roll over and hump the bed. Let Billy say what he'd do to him. In extreme detail.

"Why are you so tight-lipped all of a sudden? Shy?"

"M'not."

“Don’t go shy on me now; I know what you taste like.”

Steve quietly moaned, remembering the hot suction. There must be some nail marks left on that table back in the library. *S + B maybe.*

“I thought I’d pass out. That Behemoth should come with a warning. Are you gonna? ”

“Mh?”

“Come with a warning,” Billy smiled. “Next time?”

Steve gulped, taken aback by the sweet feeling melting in his belly. It’s nice. It’s really nice to be wanted. He might bite. “Yeah.”

“When?”

Steve looked down, eyes darting between his hand and cock. Hand. Cock. Choices.

“Now.” He decided, letting his hand dip under the briefs.

Steve quickly got out of his ratty underwear. Pink and red clouded his mind. He was closer than he thought. He loudly spat in his hand, eager to finally rub one out.

“Not so fast,” Billy chuckled. “You didn’t think it’ll be that easy?”

A cold chill zapped down Steve’s spine.

“You can’t get off unless I allow you.”

“Huh?” Steve didn’t like this game anymore.

“Simple. I licked it. So it’s mine.”

Steve looked down again, his cock twitching and wet.

“Ask nicely, Stevie.”

“No.”

“No?”

A pause settled Steve hearing all his blood going south, mixing in with Billy's stable breathing.

“So, something you want to tell me?”

“No.” Steve won't back down. Billy knows that. Billy loves seeing him jump through hoops.

Billy laughed again.

Steve will fucking brawl him the next time he sees him. You open up to a guy. Admit to things. And then what? He got you by the balls. Literally.

“Nope, can't think of anything,” Steve's fingers itched to squeeze at his cock.

“You know,” Billy measured, “For a desperate bitch you're acting awfully stubborn.”

“I'm not a bitch.”

“Yeah, you're a princess.”

Billy was suspiciously silent; the only sound in the room Steve's heavy breathing and occasional static from the line. But Hargrove was waiting alright.

Steve watched his cock bob like a metronome, never flagging for once.

“As nice as it was.” Billy yawned. “I gotta bounce. You clearly got your priorities straight, pretty boy. Have fun getting your dick turn purple.”

Billy leaned in even closer, almost speaking in tongues. “Don't touch what's mine.”

Steve gulped. Billy's voice burst shrapnel-like all over his frontal lobe, making the message stick.

"I'll find out."

Steve bowed his head, considering. "Wait."

He's going to regret this. He is already regretting it. But Steve's tired. And he'll never say it out loud, but he likes being told what to do. In certain situations.

"What do you want?"

"Answer this for me. Who's cock is that?"

Steve hid his head behind a pillow. This is a trap. He is a silly fly stuck in a web. Billy's probably laughing his ass off.

Hargrove can laugh all he can. It's only Steve's dignity, which isn't much. He should just do it. At least he'll get off.

"*Yours*," Steve mumbled into the receiver and instantly hid back.

"What was that? Sorry, you're fading. Might have to come again."

"*My cock is yours*," Steve's bottom lip started trembling as soon as he said that. He might've just made a very very big mistake. Definitely thinking with the wrong head.

Steve's parents always warned him to never sign anything under the influence. He just left his name in Hargrove's Book of Shadows.

"There wasn't so hard."

It was hard. It is hard. And if Billy won't do anything about it, Steve might cry. And make it even more awkward.

"How am I supposed to do this, if I can't stop?"

What did he get himself into? Steve's mind started racing, nervous to fuck this up for some reason. It's not like Hargrove is going to find out what he does in the shower, bed, sometimes a couch.

“Easy... you want to be good right?” Billy drawled as if watching him over the shoulder.

Steve felt a wave of heat roll over him and squeezed his thighs.

“Right, Stevie?”

Steve felt a prick of a stare at his nape. Hargrove is definitely going to find out. He is Satan after all.

“Yeah,” Steve’s voice caught.

“Good. That’s good, Stevie.” Steve guessed Billy was smiling. His ears burned in anticipation.

“Straight your back out,” Steve jolted spine cracking in multiple points, straight as a spring.

“Perfect,” Billy purred. His voice smooth and low, hypnotizing Steve. Teasing at him. Seeing how far Steve can stretch. Pretty far he’ll soon find out.

“Good, tuck your hair back,” Steve ran his hand through his hair, patting it down as best as he could.

“That’s right, nice and neat. Only I’m allowed to make a mess out of you.”

Steve whimpered, feeling the touch as if it wasn’t his. Billy was testing his strings, tugging on them one by one.

“Lick your hand. Nice and wet,” Billy instructed. “Unless you want it dry.”

Steve hurried to suck on his whole fist all at once.

“Now don’t be sloppy. One at a time. Be thorough, princess.”

Steve sucked on his middle finger swallowing around it loud enough for Billy to hear.

“Good,” the voice encouraged.

Steve kept at it until each of his fingers was covered in thick strings of saliva.

“Done.”

“You’re far from done.”

Steve focused on the tip of his cock disappearing and emerging from his fist. The skin occasionally caught, too dry after all. Beads of sweat gathered at his temples, sliding down his neck.

Billy set an agonizingly slow pace, barking at him whenever Steve started to speed up.

“The signal is shit, can’t hear you properly,” Billy growled into his ear.

Steve laid hand firmly clasped around his dick, the walkie-talkie lodged between his head and shoulder.

Steve grabbed the receiver bringing it down to his hips, letting the squelching wet sounds do the talking.

“Good?”

“Yeah,” Billy breathed out, tickling Steve’s ear.

“I’m gonna come.”

“No.” Steve got zapped.

“No?”

“Not yet. Hold it.” Billy tugged on his leash.

“What should I...” Steve was right at the edge, ready to fall. How is he supposed to... He concentrated as hard as he could, breath coming

out in little huffs. His dick kicked against the death grip at the root.

The wave passed, leaving him aching. He plopped over onto the nest of sheets. "It hurts," Steve whined dignity left at the door.

"I know, baby," Billy said, mockingly sweet.

"It really hurts... Please?" Steve tried.

"You like it raw." Billy is a bull-head. Resilient. He must have some soft spot to press. Soft underbelly to rip open.

"I'll do anything."

"Start again then," Billy said unyielding, like a coach. Get back on track. Ten more laps.

Yes, sir.

Steve is going to pass out. There is no finish line. No goal in sight. He is stuck in a loop of too much and not enough. His dick is stripped raw. Hargrove won't even let him use more spit, because Steve blurted he indeed liked it rough.

He wanted to impress him, okay? And Steve doesn't have a filter when he is turned on.

Leave it up to Billy, Steve will be stuck in this inferno forever and ever and ever. Steve decided he played by the rules long enough.

Steve strained his hearing, trying to decipher, whether Hargrove was getting off too. But mostly the other side was quiet, if not for the occasional commands.

"Are you..." he started.

"What?"

"Touching yourself?"

"None of your business. Concentrate."

“But *I* actually never got to return the favor.”

“Don’t.”

“I don’t know what *you* taste like,” Billy’s breathing hitched, so Steve used the opening to work his hand faster.

“Why’d you run away? Gave me the best head and then disappeared. Shy?” Steve was finally taking some pressure off, fucking up into his fist.

Cat got Billy’s tongue. Steve gleed, hot pettiness bringing him closer.

“You know, that’s all I thought about for a while. Even tried to suck myself down just like that.”

Turns out Steve got an eye for pressure points.

“Fuck, Billy. I even used my fingers. Thinking how you’d do it.” That’s a bit of an exaggeration. He didn’t think back then. But hey, he’d be down to find out. Whatever gets the point across.

That’s when Steve heard it. A zipper sliding down.

Of course, that was the key. Or more like bull's-eye – Billy’s ego. Just stoke it right and the guy will melt. Steve pounded at it mercilessly.

He licked his lips, concentrating on making this one count, putting all of his neediness into it.

“*Billy.*”

“Shit,” Billy sounded way weaker, almost wounded. The languid pace slipped into something more frantic. Billy grunted into his ear and hissed, hanging off of every word. “I can’t when you sound like that... You can come.”

Steve relaxed into the pillows, this was better than a spa. He bit his bottom lip holding in a giggle – *got you*.

“Say that,” Billy’s slaps echoed through the room. “Please, say my name again,” Billy was talking right to his core.

“Sure, but you have to answer this first.”

Billy grunted.

“Are *you* a leftie?”

Steve’s ear nearly charred, talkie melting at the sides.

“Yes.” Billy was getting heated. Probably seeing red. “Now say *it*.”

Steve started coming. But it wasn’t the friction or the dirty talk that brought him over the edge. It was the fevered squelching on the other side of the line. Billy got off just hearing him, thinking about him. So desperate.

“Maybe next time,” Steve hanged up suddenly, throwing the talkie into the corridor. He stared at it, pulse wild. He did that. He really did that.

He’s pretty sure he could see the receiver smoking, trying to catch fire.

Steve needed an exorcism because he is for sure cursed after this. Hargrove will be out for his blood. But that’s a thought for tomorrow.

Steve stretched in his bed, ignoring the wet spot under him. He felt the buzz down to his tippy-toes.

The dark red feeling pulsed in his veins. Heavier than wine. Power tasted great.

He had fallen asleep soon after, a small smile stretching his lips, knowing one thing for sure – he is in so much trouble.